

ONE DAY OUTSIDE MOTT'S TROCHA.

Mrs. Ida Cohen the First
to Meet His Dis-
pleasure.

NO MERCY WAS SHOWN.

Fined and Sent to Prison Be-
cause She Disagreed with
Her Brother-in-Law.

HARSH TO MRS. WALSH.

His Honor (Mott) Accused Her of
Bringing Babies to Court to
Arouse Sympathy.

TANGLE WITH TWO CHINAMEN.

The Magistrate Couldn't Understand, So
James Friend Suffered—Old Man
Broke a Bottle and Got the
Extreme Penalty.

John O. Mott is the Weyler of police
court magistrates. Into whatever court
His Honor (Mr. Mott) goes he establishes a
trocha. His Honor is much more to be
feared than Weyler in Cuba, because no
one dares to pass the trocha that Mr.
Mott establishes, no one except those privi-
leged. Reporters for the newspapers are
not privileged. They have to stand beyond
the dead line.

Now it must be said that the Magis-
trate, Mr. Mott, does not fear publicity.
He wishes to be fair. He has been an As-
sistant United States District Attorney, but
while he keeps the newspaper men beyond
his trocha, he surrounds himself with a
crowd of witnesses, policemen, court at-
tendants and complainants that reinforce
his defense like sand bags piled by sol-
diers behind the stone wall.

The Magistrate means to be fair. There
seems to be no doubt about it. He studies
and studies over the slightest question
that comes before him; weighs it, weighs
it carefully. But his temper is not good.
He is irascible; he knows not the quality
of mercy, or if he does, he certainly does
not strain it.

Take, for example, yesterday morning.
He had before him a woman, Mrs. Ida
Cohen. Mrs. Cohen had a baby in her
arms, a little girl baby, fifteen months old.

Now, it must be confessed that the
atmosphere in that court room, Essex Mar-
ket Court, is enough to try any man's
temper. But when a man is trying other
people he should not permit the trial of
his own temper to go on at the same time.
The weather observer will tell you that
there was 90 per cent of humidity in the
air. In that court room, into which a
breath of fresh air has to steal and it's
the only thing that can steal in the court
room—it seemed as if the atmosphere
were super-saturated and that some giant
hand was squeezing a wet sponge, which
dropped over everybody's brow. But a
Magistrate, it is generally believed, should
be above even such an atmosphere. This
Mrs. Ida Cohen was charged with disorderly
conduct.

Trouble with Her Brother-in-Law.

On Thursday she had trouble with her
brother-in-law, Max Schenowitz.

Mrs. Ida Cohen buried a baby named
Jacob two months ago. She is a very
pretty, and more, she is a very vigorous
woman; a healthy woman. She has a daughter
named Annie, who is one year and three
months old, and Mrs. Cohen wished to take
another baby to nurse. Her husband earns
the magnificent sum of \$7 a week, and this
young woman—she is only nineteen
years old—grasped the opportunity that
nature afforded her.

Her brother-in-law objected. He went to
her home, No. 102 Delancey street, on
Thursday.

"You'd better feed your own baby," said
he.

Young Annie Cohen is a very round and
well nourished baby, and, being fifteen
months old, her mother feeds her with a
spoon. So Mrs. Cohen and her brother-in-
law got into a row, and their voices rose
until a crowd surrounded them. They were
both arrested.

Yesterday morning the brother-in-law had
so complaint to make. It is really impos-
sible to say for the writer, with the other
reporters, was kept beyond Magistrate
Mott's trocha—who insisted upon making
the complaint of disorderly conduct. It
may have been the policeman who arrested
Mrs. Cohen and her brother-in-law. It
may have been Magistrate Mott. At any
rate you could hear the Magistrate say
querulously:

"Fine each \$5."

Schenowitz paid his fine. Mrs. Cohen
could not pay hers. It's really impossible,
to most of you, who read this to under-
stand how large an amount of money \$5
is to such a woman. Recollect, her hus-
band gets only \$7 a week. One can't save
much out of \$7 a week, besides they had
spent whatever they had saved, a few
dollars, and had pledged themselves for
more dollars to the undertaker, who buried
their little boy, their little boy who carried
the name Jacob into the grave with him.
Five dollars mean, if you haven't got it,
five days in prison.

Sent Away to Prison.
To begin with, this young woman, who
had never been in the clutches of the law,
was sent into the prison attached to the
court. She walked up and down the cor-
ridor wailing, while the pretty little baby,
who luckily did not know where she was,
laughed and played with her mother's hair
and slapped her on the cheeks and grinned
at the woman who chuckled her under the
chin and patted her on the back. Luckily,
too, the baby did not know who those
women were, but her mother did, and her
face was crimsoned. She would have been
sent last night to Randall's Island.

But the Journal paid her \$5 fine and
would have been glad to have paid it had it
been much more.

Her husband, shamed by the arrest of
his wife, moved last night to No. 14 Eliza-
beth street. Here he makes his living in a soda
water factory.

The Magistrate seems to have no sym-
pathy with women, children and old men.
A young man has a chance with him. His
theory concerning old men is "you ought
to know better." Yesterday he fined Mrs.
Mary Walsh \$10. Mrs. Walsh, who cer-
tainly has a sharp tongue, was arrested the
other day, charged with annoying Mrs.
O'Connor, whose husband keeps the Sham-
rock Hotel, No. 604 Water street. When
Mrs. Walsh went into the hotel, the Mayor's
Court she carried a baby in her arms, and
another youngster, about four years old,
along for her shirt. Magistrate Mott looked
at the babies and frowned. It must be
mentioned that when the Magistrate
frowns his frown extends to the back of
his neck, his hairless scalp corrugating.

"Why did you bring those children
here?" he said.
"Because there was no one to take care
of them," answered Mrs. Walsh.

Sent the Woman Away.
"Stuff and nonsense," said the Magis-
trate. "Some one of your neighbors could
take care of them. You bring them here
to excite sympathy. But you can't do it.
You take those children home and come
back here." So yesterday Mrs. Walsh ap-
peared. She was weeping. She stood be-
fore the Justice, and he said: "Ah! now
you are here without your babies, eh?
I'll fine you ten dollars."

Luckily the woman's husband was able
to pay it.

Such are some of the eccentricities of
justice Mott, but there is no desire here
to insinuate that he is not careful. To
the ordinary observer he seems to be al-
together too careful.

When court opens there are people who
want to make complaints so that summonses
may be issued. They sit in court, whether
sexless Market or whatever court Magis-
trate Mott presides over. Then the Magis-
trate orders the court cleared, and like a
sensible man goes to luncheon, he eats
with appetite. When he opens court again
there are the same people waiting to get
out summonses.

A clock tick they are all driven out of
court again. It's simply impossible for them
to cross the trocha so as to get near His
Honor's ear.

Yesterday, for example, to prove the Jus-
tice's extreme care, he listened for one
whole hour to a complaint against Ludwig
Weiser, of No. 18 St. Mark's place, for
selling doctored fruit. The hour he
heard of the case the more sour grew the
Magistrate.

James Friend's temper was so sorely tried
that, when James Friend came before him
late in the afternoon, the court attendants
whispered to each other:

James Friend, who should be friendless,
was accused by Yuen Lee, who, by some
strange chance, happens to be in the In-
land business at No. 3 Third avenue, for
stealing \$5 from him. Yuen Lee, approach-
ing the Magistrate's throne, made a most
convincing case. He said that he had lost
His Honor (Mott) for Li Hung Chang.

Mott Looks Like Li Hung Chang.

His Honor now wears his beard in the
style of Henry IV. His heavy eyebrows
make half moons above his deep-set eyes.
Anybody who saw Li Hung Chang when
he distinguished himself in the Boxer re-
bellion, and this country, might readily
take His Honor, the Magistrate, for
Li Hung Chang's first cousin. He lacks the
yellow jacket, which is a yellow jacket,
but a yellow gown. If Mr. Mott's admirers
will make him a present of a heavy em-
broided yellow gown, he would be Li
Hung Chang.

Mr. Yuen Lee and another gentleman
with a saffron complexion faced His Honor,
who read the complaint and looked at
Mr. Friend, who is young and who, there-
fore, might have had a chance earlier
in the day. The court clerk handed the
bill to Yuen Lee, who kissed it and swore
to tell the truth, which, promptly, he com-
menced to tell in Chinese.

"What are you talking about?" said the
Magistrate, and he turned to the other
Chinaman.

"Are you an interpreter?" he asked.
"Yes sir, Yelly good. I speak English."

"Well," said Mr. Mott, "tell me what
this man is trying to say."

Yuen Lee gurgled to the interpreter, and
the interpreter commenced to talk to His
Honor, who never having been in China,
could not understand him.

"What are you talking now, English?"
"Yes, Yelly good," said the interpreter.
"I hold you in \$300 bail," said His Honor
to Friend, who went to prison vowing that
he'd never see other Chinaman before.

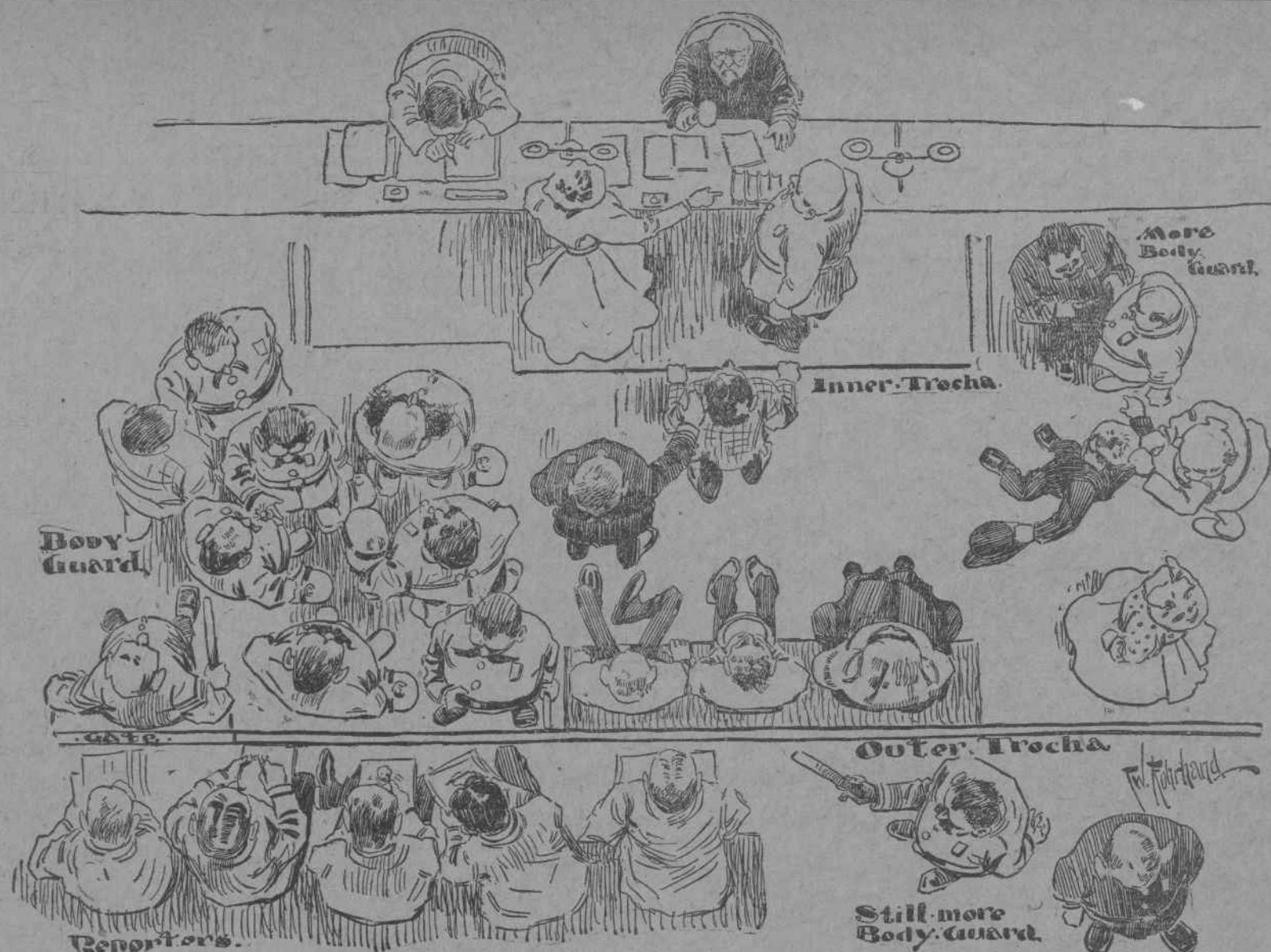
Fined for His Industry.
The Magistrate listened to the complaint
of a policeman against an energetic um-
brella maker, Frank Whitefield, of No. 133
Avenue A, who accosted a pedestrian on
the avenue Thursday afternoon and per-
sisted in offering to repair the umbrella
the stranger carried.

"Why did you do that?" asked the Magis-
trate.
"Business is bad, and I had to get work
because my family is starving," replied the
umbrella maker, with a pathetic look
in his eyes.

"That's the reason you stopped this man
on the street?"
"I asked him to let me fix his umbrel-
la," answered the prisoner.

"Ten dollars," said the Magistrate, per-
emptorily an-
swered the Magistrate.

Whitefield's wife was in the rear, and



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MAGISTRATE MOTT, HIS TROCHAS AND OUTLYING FORTIFICATIONS.

when the Magistrate pronounced the fine
she arose and gratefully shook her fist
at the policeman who made the arrest.
Then she paid the fine.

The Magistrate looked at the woman and
was about to recall her when she slipped
out of the door.

A very severe sentence was meted out to
Louis Blum, sixty-five years old, for an
act which he knew not was an offence.
The Magistrate showed him no mercy, al-
though he pondered over the matter for
an unusual time.

"Ten days in prison," coldly said he, as
Blum, trembling and sobbing, stood before
him. Blum had wrenched off half a dozen
metal heads from some soda water bottles.
The Uptown Bottling Association was in-
formed of this, and they lodged a complaint
against Blum for violation of the bottling
law. The extreme sentence is ten days in
prison.

The Magistrate would not relent when
the old man pleaded that he would make
any restitution or pay a fine, and the pris-
oner was led tottering and shivering toward
a cell.

JURY AGAINST LUETGERT.
True Bill Voted Charging the Wealthy
Sausage Manufacturer with the
Murder of His Wife.

Chicago, June 4.—The Grand Jury this
evening voted a true bill against Adolph
L. Luetgert, the sausage manufacturer,
charging him with the murder of his wife,
Louise Luetgert, on May 1.

According to a story related to-day by
Mrs. Agatha Tosch, of No. 689 Diversey
street, to Officer Grubenow, Luetgert
planned the murder of her husband, Otto
Tosch, two years ago, and asked her con-
fidence. Mrs. Tosch says they were neigh-
bors of the Luetgerts, and that one day she
and her husband quarrelled. Luetgert
heard of it and is reported as saying to
Mrs. Tosch: "If you were as willing as I,
I could get him out of the way."

Mrs. Christina Feldt, better known as
"Widow Feldt," who sent Luetgert a pack-
age yesterday containing \$1,400, to-day an-
nounced that she would have nothing more
to do with the man. Mrs. Feldt was at the
State's Attorney's office today and made
the statement that she was ignorant of the
contents of the package that was deliv-
ered to him yesterday. She said Luet-
gert had left it with her the day before
his arrest.

BAYARD A HOT PATRIOT.

He Tells in a Speech How Glad He Was to
Reach New York After His Four
Years Abroad.

Wilmington, Del., June 4.—In a speech at
a dinner given in his honor at the Wilming-
ton Club, the leading social organization of
Delaware, last night, former Ambassador
Thomas F. Bayard took occasion to re-
fute in rather a gentle way an imputation
that has been made here that his four years
in the court of St. James have made him
less an American. Mr. Bayard said:

"Though my stay abroad in my official
capacity threw me in contact with some of
the leading men of the world, and though
those I met spared no pains to make my
pleasure here, yet I say frankly to you
that I was never more happy than at the
moment I landed in New York, three
weeks ago, with the knowledge that I was
again on the soil of my country and my
home, and that I would soon be back in
Delaware, the fairest State in the world."

**MILLIONAIRE IS A
BOSS CAT KILLER.**

Aged William Whitehead
Slaughters Felines by
Asphyxiation.

SIX TRAPS TO CATCH THEM.

Abetted by Police and the Soci-
ety for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals.

Aided and abetted by the police and the
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals, white-haired and wealthy William
Whitehead is engaged in murdering by
asphyxiation, at the rate of one hundred a
week, the army of cats which has recently
invaded Harlem.

Mr. Whitehead has prepared elaborately
for this slaughter and has gone about it
with a deliberation and an attention to
detail that challenge admiration. He has
a well defined grievance against the Har-
lem cat tribe and has made no concealment
of his open enmity.

Mr. Whitehead is a millionaire. He is
sixty years of age, tall and straight, with
a kindly face, framed in flowing, white
side whiskers and a large gray mustache.
His residence is at No. 189 West One Hun-
dred and Thirty-fifth street, in which local-
ity he owns a large number of houses.
The three big apartment buildings on the
northeast corner of Seventh avenue and
One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street are
his. Adjoining these are four brownstone
dwellings, which he owns, and on the
southeast corner of Seventh avenue and
One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street are
three more of his houses. In the rear of
the brownstone dwellings is an expansive
alley, which the army of cats seems to
have selected as its amphitheatre. They
have assembled there in the mornings, at
noon and in the evening, giving open air
concerts that found little appreciation
among the flat dwellers in the vicinity.
Day by day the tribe increased in number
and the concerts grew in volume until the
flat dwellers felt that they could stand it
no longer, and kicked upon the landlord.

Tenants Threatened to Leave.

Mr. Whitehead protested at first that he
could not be expected to chase cats out of
the neighborhood as well as furnish steam
heat for the flats, but when the tenants
threatened to leave him if the cats were
not routed he took the question under seri-
ous advisement. He began by inviting the
cat co-operation and by bombarding the
alley with bootjacks, tomato cans, and even
cannon crackers, without putting the army
to flight.

At last Mr. Whitehead resorted to strat-
egy. He constructed six traps which were
fashioned very much on the plan of a rab-
bit trap, three feet long, one foot wide and
a foot deep. One end was nailed up tight,
the other fitted with a sliding door raised
and fixed upon a delicate trigger. He had
his janitors catch rats, and baited the
traps with these live and tempting morsels.
The six traps were placed in the most
likely spots in the alley, and his engineer
was placed in charge of them. In each
trap was fixed a button, upon which the
captured kitten was sure to step, and
which, when pressed, would ring an alarm
bell in the engineer's office.

Whenever the bell rang the engineer
would immediately go to the trap indicated,
pull the cat out by the tail and drop it
into a large barrel which was used as a
wholesale prison. Within four weeks over
400 cats have been caught in Mr. White-
head's traps, and he confidently claims the
world's cat catching record.

This was repeated for several days. Next morning
Mr. Whitehead called upon the society again
and gently whispered that he had a dozen
more cats which were at his disposal.
The society, tired of Mr. Whitehead and
his cats and yelled murder.

"What, murder?" exclaimed Mr. White-
head in surprise. "I murder them? Oh,
no."

Plan of Slaughter Devised.
But the society insisted, and Mr. White-
head, when promised the assistance of one
of the society's agents, finally yielded and
went about devising a plan for wholesale
slaughter, which would prove at once both
efficacious and merciful. With the co-
operation and advice of the agent, he se-
cured a large sugar barrel, had it made air-
tight and fitted with a cover which was
a glass window. In the side a hole was
bored and a rubber tube fitted closely in it.

The agent of the Society for the Preven-
tion of Cruelty to Animals, when the bar-
rel of death had been properly tested, not-
ified the police of the West One Hundred
and Twenty-fifth Street Station that Mr.
Whitehead had been granted permission
to murder cats to his heart's content. When
these preliminaries had been concluded Mr.
Whitehead and the agent affixed the rubber
tube to a gas jet, dropped a cat into the
barrel, closed the top and turned on the gas.
They then looked through the glass in the
top of the barrel and watched with mingled
regret and satisfaction the demise of their
first victim. Afterward cat killing was
easy, and the slaughter has proceeded at
the rate of ten and twelve a day.

Then the Health Board.
In the same gentle tones with which he
had mentioned the matter to the Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,
Mr. Whitehead has been calling upon the
Board of Health day by day and murmur-
ing a request that they send the dead
wagon for a dozen or two corpses.

The Health Department cheerfully complied
several days, but the drivers of the dead
wagon are complaining of being over-
worked, and even the Health Board is not
always patient.

But Mr. Whitehead and his engineer have
no intention of abandoning their carnival
of death, and, enjoying as they do the
protection of the law and the Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, there
is no telling what records will be smashed
by them. In any event, Mr. Whitehead
has proven himself equal to the emergency, and
has prevented the threatened exodus of his
tenants.

ALL HUNTING FOR MONEY.

Stories of the Treasure Trove on the North
Astoria Shore Result in an Inva-
sion of "Prospectors."

"Prospectors" dotted the North Astoria
shore yesterday searching for money. They
said they were looking for Captain Kidd's
buried treasure. Boys with sticks poked
among the boulders. Gangs of Italians and
solitary Swedes walked the beach for hours
with their eyes fixed on the ground. They
had found no money up to 5 o'clock last
evening, but discoveries of previous days
were the talk of the neighborhood.

To learn whether the coins exhibited
really had been found, as alleged, a Journal
reporter proceeded to investigate.
Workmen along the beach, villagers and
shop keepers said old coins had unfortu-
nately been found there from time to time
for half a century. Mrs. Kate T. Wolsey
said that in 1850 nearly a bushel of an-
tiquated coins were unearthed, and twenty
years ago, on Hallett's point, opposite
Little Hell Gate, nearly two pecks were
found by men digging a foundation for a
house. So great was the excitement fol-
lowing that a company of reputable New
York business men offered Mr. George
Wolsey, proprietor of the estate, a liberal
percentage of all the treasures discovered
for the privilege of digging over the
ground, but he declined to have his hand-
some lawn mutilated. He believed, how-
ever, that the money would be found in
years to come; and he was certain an im-
mense treasure must be buried somewhere
above Cape Henry.

Mrs. Wolsey said yesterday that she her-
self had seen the coins discovered by John
Torrey last Wednesday. She had sent
them to an expert, who pronounced them
genuine and of great value. Other inquiries
elicited statements from other persons that
they had found money at different times
and places within a month. Mrs. Wolsey
also said that the diamond ring described
in yesterday's Journal had been found un-
der a boulder on the beach, but she could
not vouch for the story personally, as she
was not present at the time. But the
diamond ring was given to her by the dis-
coverer.

Hans Peterson, aged fifty-eight years,
said: "I live in Astoria, and have charge
of a gang of men improving the shore. On
Wednesday I was digging six feet below
the foundations of the original old Wolsey
Manor House, which was robbed and
burned by pirates six years ago. It
shovelling out the soil I found several
copper coins. They were old-timers. Be-
sides this, on Sunday morning, June 16,
I know that a lot of men digging on the
beach opposite Little Hell Gate, which
separates Randall's from Ward's Island,
found big handfuls of old coins. In fact
there were enough to nearly fill a crock.
Mrs. Wolsey heard of it, sent for the
lot. They were chiefly copper, mixed
with some silver and gold pieces."

At the beach men stopped
long enough to say that much money had
been found there at low tide. They had
found some recently and expected to dis-
cover more.

The syndicate which has changed the
old historic point to Casino Beach has
issued a circular. The concluding para-
graph thus refers to the money-producing
features of the surf-bashed shore:

Casino Beach is full of historical interest.
Here Captain Kidd's pirate ship was found
of gold and silver, which are supposed to
be hid there buried by the dour old
highwayman of the seas.

This is no ordinary sale. The fellow
who takes notice of it first gets the benefit.
King, the great, clothier, cor. Broadway
and Park place, has another surprise for
you. Today, between the hours of 8 and
12 o'clock noon, the following good things
will be on sale: Men's fine Pants, in nobly
patterns and blue serges, at \$1.10 a pair,
worth \$2.50; 2-piece Albert Coats and Vests,
only \$2 to \$7 breast measure, at \$3.40 each,
value \$14.00; balance of our black, brown
and pearl Derby and Alpine Hats, to close
at \$7c, worth \$2.25, and men's blue, black
and gray serge Suits, at \$4.90, worth \$12.00.
At King's, the well-known clothier's.
Cor. Broadway and Park Place. Adv.

"A FEW GOOD THINGS."

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of gold and silver, which are supposed to
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"Have you got them with you?"
"Yes, here they are."

The two conspirators entered the back
room and here the gas was lit. The mur-
derer and his tool gazed with rapt interest
at the innocent looking germ cultures that
had come in the usual form in glass tubes
filled with gelatine.

"Now," said the lawyer, "use them to-
night, and in a few weeks we will have
all this trouble behind us."

"The germs, carefully packed, had come
by express on this February day on which
Wintersteen was waiting in his dark room.
The fact Wintersteen had informed
himself. Also, that Knorr had taken them
out of the express office. The first thing
the lawyer demanded to know as Clifton
entered the office was:

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"Yes, here they are."

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SCARED TO DEATH BY A MAN'S SNORE

Little Anna Failed to Awake
from a Convulsion
of Fear.

SHE LIVED IN SOLITUDE.

Her Austere Parents Told Her
Tales of Ogres and
Fairies.

A man's snore frightened a little girl
three years of age, who, as she was the
daughter of a Canarsie Bay fisherman,
should not have had a sensitive nervous
system, and she died of it yesterday. She
had black hair, blue eyes, cheeks stained
by the rila, the wind and the sun, and she
laughed always, as brooks murmur. She
had no playmates except her mother, tall,
thin, dark, austere; her father, whose blue
eyes glitter, and her brother, fourteen years
old.

She lived in the hut of her parents, like
a fairy tale princess.

She was an intelligent child, an intimate
companion to her mother, who has a
gypsy's features, with black hair, parted in
the middle and dressed at the temples like
a madonna. Anna was only three years
old, but she knew how to foresee every in-
cursion of her mother and to do what she
desired before she said it. Anna had, of
course, the defects of her qualities. She
was joyful always, but she fell into tears
easily. She was ill with the measles last
year, but the only other complaint of her
little life was a brief convulsion—Mrs.
Churchill said it was only a "spell"—when
she was a baby in swaddling clothes.

Anna went out of the house Friday eve-
ning after supper, running after her father,
who had promised to tell a story. From
the smaller hut, used in the morning for a
kitchen, came the noise of a snore in a
drunken sleep, which made Churchill halt.
Anna stopped simultaneously, but he went
to the door of the little hut quickly, and
she, dazed, bewildered, mad with fear,
threw back her head, gazed at the stars
and fell stiff in her mother's arms.

It was 8 o'clock, and the physician came
at 10. He said it was a convulsion; that it
might not be serious; that a shock to a
child of Anna's temperament was danger-
ous, and he gave a prescription. He re-
mained at the child's side all the night.
She spoke not a word. Not a sound came
from her lips. She died at 2 o'clock yester-
day afternoon. The physician, Dr. W. S.
Tromer, refused to sign a certificate of
death. He refused to sign a certificate of
death. He refused to sign a certificate of
death.

The captain of the precinct sent a mes-
sage by telephone to the coroner, who re-
plied: "Boah! Tell him to sign the cer-
tificate." The captain sent an intelligent
agent to Dr. Tromer. He stood at his table
beside his saffron colored parrot and looked
at the agent with a disdainful air. "Didn't
the girl die because she was scared to death?"
"Yes, but wait a moment," Dr. Tromer
said. "I might produce congestion of the
brain, congestion of the brain produced
convulsion, convulsion produced death."

Bewildered, the police agent said, "Oh!
That is why you will not sign the certifi-
cate?"
"Yes, but wait a moment," Dr. Tromer
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